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The Girl of the Mountains.

(CONTINUED.)

"YOUNG, beautiful, innocent, and unsuspecting, she saw not the baseness and perfidy of the arts, by which they sought to undermine her honour and happiness.

"My father saw the dangers that threatened them, and therefore was obliged, tho' with reluctance, to open the eyes of my mother. She heard him with surprise and emotion: the countess of Angoulesme had by her kindness and apparent candour, acquired much of her esteem:—the Baroness de Foulanges she thought a most amiable woman; and the dazzling qualities of Francis, commanded her admiration and respect. Pained therefore to the heart, she rather wished to think her husband too quick sighted, too easily alarmed, and too ready to give way to injurious reports, than to believe persons she so highly honoured, could be capable of such baseness, or wear a mask of duplicity, to betray an innocent and unoffending woman. She however assured my father she would profit by his confidence, and gradually lessen the great intimacy between the Countess Louisa, the Baroness, and herself.

"My father kept an attentive eye on all their proceedings. Fond of his ADELAIDE to distraction; his whole soul was engrossed by his anxiety for her, and firm resolution to avoid any scandalous intrigues with women, who however exalted in rank, were contemptuous in his eyes by their depravity of manners.

"The very day on which my father and mother held their last conversation, there was to be a grand gala at court in the evening:—neither could he excused from going, but both determined that it should be the last entertainment they would share in: my father from conviction of their danger; my mother from motives of affection for him, and a sense of her duty to comply with his wishes, rather than from dislike or apprehension.

"The countess of Angoulesme came for my mother: my father was preparing to follow soon after, when a note was delivered to him, requesting he would follow the bearer immediately, without asking a single question, on an affair that concerned his honour and happiness, but which would not detain him an hour.

"Extremely alarmed, without taking time for consideration, he followed the man to the out-skirts of the city, where he stopped at the door of a handsome looking house: it was nearly dark: his extreme agitation precluded thought or fear, and he entered the house with all the impatience of a man whose existence seemed to hang on the intelligence of the next moment.

"He was conducted up stairs through a gallery; the door of an apartment was opened, and his conductor took leave, with a bow. He entered a handsome well-furnished room; lights were on the table, and two chairs placed near it. Near ten minutes had elapsed; his inquietude was raised to the utmost stretch, when a door opening, he met the Baroness de Foulanges. "How madam! is it you? What means this mystery, and why do I meet you here?"

"Be seated my dear count, and you shall soon be satisfied."

"She then began a story, fabricated for the purpose of convincing my father, that his wife had long since sacrificed her virtue, and his honour to the king; and that the countess of Angoulesme was privy to the intrigue, giving up all delicacy to the gratification of her son.

"Impossible!" cried my father, with indignation, "'tis a vile, a gross calumny, my ADELAIDE is as pure as new-fallen snow; she has consented to leave the court, to retire with me into the country, and this very night intends to take leave of the countess, at the same time that I shall ask his majesty's permission for leave of absence to recover my health. No, madam, neither her honour nor mine have been sacrificed; I despise the insinuation with my whole heart."

"He rose with warmth; the artful woman burst into a flood of tears, threw herself on her knees, and laid hold of his coat.

"Fury raised to the utmost pitch, was suddenly checked, by looking down on a beautiful woman in tears at his feet. Humanity bade him raise her from such an unbecoming a posture; she prest the assisting hand to her bosom, and besought him to hear the history of her heart. Half-reluctant, he resumed his seat: she still retained his hand, and entered into a detail of her constant and unconquerable love for him; a love she had exerted all her power to subdue, and should have condemned to eternal silence, rather than have forfeited her modesty and delicacy, had she not been perfectly convinced of his wife's falsehood.

"Again my father was enraged, and endeavoured to break from her; but she had gone too far to recede, and saw the conflicts in his mind: in short, she detained him by her tears and caresses, nor did they part, till she had engaged a repetition of his visits; a promise to delay his journey into the country; and infused more than a

suspicion, almost a certainty, into his mind, of his wife's guilt.

"He was obliged to appear at court; it was an unusual late hour. When he entered the room, the first objects that met his eyes, were the king and his countess sitting together, and in earnest conversation.

"The countess of Angoulesme, who had kept her eyes directed towards the door, impatient, and wondering at his absence, no sooner saw him, than she beckoned for him to approach her. He coldly paid his duty to his majesty; threw a reproachful glance at his wife, and drew near to Louisa, who exerted all her powers of blandishment to allure and please him. The varied amusements of the evening insensibly diverted his chagrin for some hours. He found it an improper time to address his majesty, but intended to do it the next day.

"At night, when returned to his Adelaide, he sought to conceal the tumults of his mind, and appear unembarrassed.

"The following day my mother repaired to Louisa; my father waited on his majesty. Their applications were received with surprise and displeasure; and when my father urged it from indisposition, the king told him, with a sarcastic smile, "that if indeed his health required retirement, of which he saw no marks, it was not necessary that the court should be deprived of such an ornament as the countess, and therefore took upon him to command her residence in Paris."

"Stunned, and deeply hurt by language so unusual and peremptory, my father could only bow, and retired, excessively chagrined. He was soon joined by the countess, who related the ill success of her embassy, though with less cause to be affected by it; for the countess of Angoulesme had loaded her with caresses; entreated her not to leave them; protested the most ardent friendship for her, and declared that a separation would make her extremely unhappy; nor should she ever forgive my father, if he persisted in disuniting them.

"Their attendance at court was unavoidable. The following day the countess of Angoulesme appeared with the ruby; and the Baroness de Foulanges darted at him from her large black eyes, glances of equal love and fury.

"The party at night was composed of only seven persons; his majesty, the countess his mother; the countess of Chateau Briant, the admiral Bonivet, the baroness de Foulanges, and the count and countess of Beauvais.

"In those dangerous moments, when virtue lay supine, and the susceptible heart was alive to every impassioned feeling, the countess of Angoulesme rose from her seat; complained of the too powerful warmth of the room, and asked the count my father to lead her into an anti-chamber. He retired with her, without thinking of his Adelaide, till roused to the recollection, by the fond advances of Louisa. A retrospection on his past weakness, instantly recalled honour and discretion before they had retreated too far: he resumed that air of respectful deference due to her high rank, and affected to believe her offered caresses, were in consequence of the fatigue she had complained of.

"How the business would have ended, is uncertain, for an artful, lovely woman, accustomed to be obeyed, flattered, and adored, might have been a very dangerous opponent; but in this critical moment, when love and indignation inflamed every feature, and spoke unutterable things, the door opened, and the baroness de Foulanges appeared. Louisa haughtily demanded what she wanted.

"My duty, madam, brought me here, to attend you, if you are indisposed, as I was led to believe; "but," said she, with a smile, that betrayed the malignity of her heart. "I see my presence is equally unnecessary as unwelcome; the count de Beauvais is doubtless better formed for an assistant than myself—I am no stranger to his accomplishments."

"Quite off her guard, as she uttered these last words; they were spoken with passion, and her eyes flashed fire as she quitted the room, rather unceremoniously.

"Louisa was equally enraged and disconcerted, and before she could recover herself, my mother entered the room, much agitated; without observing his companion, she flew to her husband;—"My dear count, let us return home immediately; I am not well."

"Not a word passed, till they were seated in their coach: my father first broke the silence. "Tell me, my Adelaide, from what cause proceeds your extreme agitation?"

"That *I* am to blame," answered she, tenderly kissing his hand; "in presuming to depend upon my own judgment, in preference to your's; that I have been deservedly insulted, because I chose wilfully to be blind, rather than give up pleasureable amusements, and the gratification of my vanity."

"What then," said my father, impatiently, "the king has dared to insult you; by heavens! not even his rank shall protect him."

"Stop," said my mother, with a fixed and piercing eye; stop, count, and before you give way to passion, ask yourself, if a king has not equal rights with his subjects."

"My father was struck, as if by lightning. "What is it you mean, madam?" hastily.

"If you do not comprehend me, my dear count, I can have no particular meaning; but in one word, let me tell you, that I blame no one but myself: that the person who offended me, is sensible of his error; and that it is requisite we should lose no time in preparing for our departure; to withdraw from a licentious court, and enjoy happiness in our own domestic circle, will be a sufficient revenge upon those who have sought to disturb our peace."

"My father, conscious of his late error, had no doubt but the countess was well informed of the circumstance; yet, as she had not permitted him to understand her allusion, he was content, for the present, to profit by her indulgence, therefore he replied only to her last words. "Yes, my dear Adelaide, we will hasten to quit scenes of tumult and dissipation; return to the peaceful retreat, we so reluctantly left, and satiated with the great world, doubly relish our innocent amusements."

"The following morning they had formed their plan for leaving the court; my father received an order to attend the king.

"On his way to the king's closet, he was met by Louisa; "Follow me," said she, haughtily, leading the way to another apartment; he said something about his duty to attend the king,; "Obey me," returned she, with a look full of fury, he could not withstand; he followed her.

"Count," said she, "hear me with attention, and know I speak the determined purpose of my heart. My son is fond of your wife; she is envied by all the court-ladies; you are equally disliked by the men; married ones murmur at the success of your wife, in preference to their's; young men hate you, for the favour you enjoy in the good graces of your superiors.

"You have it now in your choice to arrive at enviable power and riches; let your wife keep the consequence she has gained; do you profit by the distinction you are honoured with; in short, remain as ornaments to our court, and there are no distinctions or honours that you may not command—If, on the contrary, you presume to slight the wishes of those who have a right to command, be assured your destruction is at hand."

"This threat, which he thought her very capable of fulfilling, greatly shocked my father; but he did not hesitate."

"My duty to the king, madam, brought me to pay my homage to him, for the last time: after which, my respects would have carried me to you: I have only now to take my leave of his majesty." He bowed, and quitted the room.

"How she bore this, he knew not: he attended the king, who told him, he had appointed him his chamberlain. My father was confounded for a moment, but recovering, lamented his misfortune in being compelled to decline so great an honour, but that certain affairs of infinite consequence, called him to the country, and he came to take his leave.

"The king looked surprised and disconcerted; but after a short pause—"Go then, count, since it must be so; I may respect, but I cannot love you; go, and return no more!"

"This was in fact, a sentence of banishment; as such my father felt it, for though he wished to leave the court, he did not like to have his return proscribed.

"On entering his wife's apartment, to his infinite astonishment, he found with her the baroness de Foulanges. His looks denoted his surprise, and he beheld mingled reproach, and restrained fury in her's."

"Well, count," said she, "may I congratulate you on your honours?"

"Not of the kind intended to be conferred on me by my friends," he replied; "I have had the honour to take leave of his majesty, and the Countess of Angoulesme, and I thank you, madam, for sparing me a visit of the same import to yourself."

"I dispute not with your intended leave-taking visit," replied she, "I shall return home immediately.

"She bowed, but spoke not, and she left the house without deigning to look at my mother."

"Fear not this insolent woman, my dear Adelaide," said my father, observing an air of trouble seated over her features, "we shall soon be removed from her resentment or power, before this hour to-morrow, I hope you will be secure from the disturbers of your peace."

"The day was passed in hasty preparations for their departure, regardless of the threatening vengeance that hung over them.

"That morning came; my mother drank her chocolate in bed as usual, though at an early hour, to be ready for her journey; soon after, when getting up, she complained of sickness, which encreased to an alarming degree. Physicians were sent for, and every medical aid given, that could be administered. My father appeared in a state of distraction; he asked repeatedly what was her disorder? From what cause it proceeded? The physicians shrugged their shoulders, looked mysterious, but evaded giving any other answer than that "Madam, the countess, was past all hopes of recovery."

"In less than three hours, their prediction was verified. They mentioned their suspicions of poison. Every servant was ordered to the apartment, and who made her chocolate? was the first question asked. The chamber-maid, who had attended her, was then first missed; on being called for, she was not to be found.

"The agonies my poor father felt, are inexpressible. I was sitting by the side of his bed, weeping, and unable to speak comfort, when his valet burst abruptly into his room, pale and trembling;—"My lord, my dear master!" he could say no more: a file of soldiers followed him, who approached the bed, produced a paper, and ordered my father to get up, as they must convey him to prison, on a charge of having poisoned his lady, then dead in the house.

"He neither fainted, nor spoke at this dreadful summons—his eyes were fixed in wild astonishment:—my screams when one of the men rudely advanced to take his arm, restored his senses, before stagnated.

"His composure was astonishing: weak and feeble, he could do nothing for himself, they permitted not his faithful servant to assist him, but huddled on his clothes, and between two of them, carried him down stairs.

"I was placed in the coach with my unhappy father. Unable to sustain the conflicting passions that overwhelmed him, he fainted, and had scarce given signs of returning life, when we arrived at the prison

"Five days we remained in dreadful suspence. On the sixth day I was sent for to another apartment, a gentleman waited to see me. I saw a face that was familiar to me, though I could not recollect when or where I had seen it.

"I come, Adelaide," said he, "from your grand aunt, the Countess de Noailles, to conduct you to her, as she is determined to place you in a convent for life."

"For life, exclaimed I, I will not live in a convent for life, nor do I want to go to my aunt; I will remain with my dear father."

"Do you know, miss, that the process has gone against your father, that though no absolute proof appears, every thing speaks so strongly against him, that he would have been put to death, had not the king, from the regard he once had for him, and the remembrance that he saved his life, weighed with him to alter his sentence into perpetual imprisonment. But his estates are confiscated, his name infamous, and his family disgraced by his attrocity in murdering your mother. Do you comprehend all this, child? if not, take this paper to your father, and then hasten to me, my time is very short."

"I took the paper in silence: returned to my father, and gave it to him. He read his own sentence and condemnation with composure: but when he found his fortune lost, his name infamous, and his child to be shut up in a monastry for life, then could he no longer suppress his sighs and groans: he snatched me to his heart, and uttered the most piercing lamentations.

"The physician who attended him, came in at this critical moment, to him my father appealed, called upon heaven to attest his innocence of the crime for which he was condemned, unheard, and unexamined. In short, the agonies he was in, called forth the humanity of this worthy man. "I will go to court," said he, "and know more of this matter, you shall soon see me again."

"He returned sooner than we expected. He was, it appeared, a great favourite with the Countess of Chateau Briant: to her he had been, and related every circumstance he had observed and witnessed, respecting my father, whom he was inclined to think very favourably of, and besought her consideration of me.

"She told him the Count de Beauvais had been condemned the preceding day: that he would doubtless be shut up in close confinement for life, the moment he could leave his bed. She believed he had powerful enemies in the Countess of Angoulesme and the Baroness de Foulanges: for her own part, she never much liked the late Countess, any more than she did her enemies, whether the Count was innocent or guilty, was not for her to determine: but she pitied the poor child, and if the Count preferred the convent she had been placed in by her mother, she could easily obtain an order for her return to it. In fine, she went immediately to the king: her influence over him was not lost, only suspended by his passion for my mother, and the intrigues of Louisa. He was enraged against my father: but he had no quarrel with me, and therefore made the countess the compliment of being the mistress of my destiny: with leave for me to remain with my father, till he was pronounced capable of being removed."

"To my great joy, the health of my father daily amended, though a deep melancholy settled on his spirits. But alas! In less than a week an order arrived from court, for the removal of my father to the Island of St. Marguerite, where state prisoners were generally confined for life. This removal to the castle, was a thousand times worse than death.

"Under the most agonizing terrors, we were found by the Physician. "Do not despond," said he, "much depends upon your resolution and prudence: I have cause to hope you will soon be in safety, but you must part immediately with your daughter: an order will arrive this evening for her being delivered to the Countess of Chateau Briant: confide in me, I will answer for her with my life. One thing I am commanded to exact from you," added he, pulling a crucifix from his bosom, "you must here take a solemn oath to change your name, never to reveal your real one, nor any of the circumstances of your life that may lead to a discovery of your parentage, your birth, or situation, the name of your preserver, if fortunately you are preserved, or in fine, at any time, in any manner, ever give cause to believe that such person exists in the world as yourself, during the life of the countess of Chateau Br.

"My father, without hesitation, pronounced the oath."

"Now then," said the Physician, "I will no longer withhold my confidence, your honour. The countess has been indefatigable in your service! she has discovered that the chamber-maid who attended your lady, has been previously in the service of the baroness de Foulanges, was with her when you visited her, though unseen by you. This creature was placed in your house as a spy. And instructed to gain the love and confidence of her lady.

"Not a word or action passed in your family unknown to the baroness; she was jealous of Louisa, yet endeavoured to inflame her love towards you, and both sought to engage your lady in a commerce with the king.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MISS ARNOLD.

THE accomplishments of this young lady are such, at present, that not a doubt remains, but that in the course of a short time, she will be unequalled in her profession, with regard to her vocal powers.

The writer of this piece has frequently attended the Theatre, when this accomplished young lady has vocalized her powers: and particularly at her benefit on Saturday evening last, where a thin but indulging audience, expressed their satisfaction of the talents of this amiable young lady; each syllable was uttered with such enchanting sweetness and harmony, each look adorned with so much innocence, and each sentence so perfect, that the writer of this is induced to believe, that in a short time none will be able to excel her in her vocal merits. He also hopes that she will always receive that encouragement, which her talents so justly entitle her to.

A Young Friend to Juvenile Merit.

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For the Philadelphia Repository.

Commentator, No. 3.

"*Crimium ne crede colore,*" VIRGIL.

Trust not too much to appearances.

WE find, from this quotation, that deceit and falsehood were prevalent in the days of the Mantuan poet, as well as at present, though probably in a less degree. To such an height have they arrived, that indeed it seems to be absolutely necessary that every man in his commerce with another, should act with as much caution as he possibly could if he was dealing with a known sharper. It is really astonishing, that notwithstanding daily experience points out the folly of trusting to a plausible appearance, so many should confide in men, who perhaps upon investigation, would be found to possess nothing but insinuating manners. It is to placing confidence in appearances, that many honest men become bankrupts, and are deprived, by their unsuspecting credulity, of their little all, which they have probably spent years of toil in accumulating; yet they will not be on their guard against a similar imposition. Of the extensive evil effects a person with a handsome exterior may cause we have many recent intances; in particular, of a man who had the impudence to assume the character of a person of respectability, and the art to support it. He married several wives in succession, within a short space of time and after having spent their estates, left them bankrupts in happiness, to curse those arts to which they had become victims. We are all too liable to conceive esteem or aversion at first sight, which is too permanently fixed to be rooted out without difficulty. This is an evil propensity, for we very frequently, by considering the countenance an infallible index to the mind draw very wrong conclusions. We mostly conceive erroneous opinions, and if we form favorable ideas of a person's character from this treacherous mirror, and have not the prudence to make a minute enquiry into it, and discover the real complexion of it, our confidence is placed with temerity, and most probably it is abused. Sometimes, unfortunately, accurate conclusions are formed: but this has a tendency to encourage the trusting it again, when regret is most commonly the result. Manners are still more liable to create a delusion in the mind, and a rogue without dissimulation can only be one in principle and not in conduct. The defects of nature, as has been observed in a former paper, are mostly incorrigible; hence, if the features of the mind correspond with the exterior, it is more difficult to deceive, than by assuming fascinating manners, which being the offspring of education alone, are made with more facility subservient to deception than the physiognomy. From this, however it is by no means to be inferr'd, that confidence ought to be placed in our own penetration relative to external appearances more, but in manners still less. Juvenal in his Satires, cautions mankind against this species of imposition in a very forcible manner: he says,

"Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis it umbra."

Vice conceals its deformity under the specious form of virtue. And if they would condescend to make an experimental enquiry, the truth of this observation would easily be ascertained. Actions, not professions, ought always to be made the criterion by which to form opinions of men, and is the only standard by which to obtain correct conceptions. The law can at best but remedy the evil which is caused by our own imprudence, and which it is in our power to prevent; and, as the old maxim very justly observes, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Since, then, we have daily experience of the folly of placing our confidence before we know whether prudence will justify the step, let us avoid the danger of being reduced from competence to poverty, by trusting to unexceptionable manners, and lavish professions, till we have indisputable proofs that actions will correspond with them; nor suffer our happiness, with our substance, to be devoured by wolves in sheep's cloathing.

J.

A HUSBAND FOR THE LADY.

(And we wish her much joy!)

March 21st.

MR. EDITOR,

ON perusing your paper of to-day, I observed the advertisement of a lady who is looking out for a husband. An idea immediately struck me, that I was the identical person comprehended under her description. But what was my surprise and disappointment, when by the advertisement, I could not discover in what part of the city I might find the lady; I raved, stamped, and was almost driven to distraction. But still I am not altogether without hopes; if it should chance that the lady should not be furnished with a husband before the publication of this comes into her hands, I am very willing to offer my services to her. And that the lady may have some idea of my not *uncomely person*, I think it will not be unproper to give a short schedule of myself, in order that if the lady should be captivated by my beauties and charms, as I doubt not but she will, she may make application at No. 112, north 0th street.

Schedule.

Imprimis. With respect to my person, I am about five feet, one inch, in height; most uncommonly broad in my back (which is well calculated to support a large *budget*, which I unfortunately acquired in my youth, by having my back broken, in a fall from a horse.)

Item. My shins are bandied to a great degree, which however does not prevent my being knocker-kneed, insomuch that I may grind ginger between them.

Item. My nose is so large and broad that I have frequently been told in the way of *hyperbole* that a person might drive a coach and six up my nostrils. My lips are pretty thick; I am very dull of hearing.

And with respect to my sight, I have but one eye; this however will be of great advantage to me, for it will prevent my crying much, when I *shall* have the misfortune to lose my dear Lady, (that is to be.)

I will now give the outlines of my disposition and history. My temper is so mild, that my wife shall always have her own way, as I am not fond of quarrelling. I make it a point never to do any business after ten o'clock, A.M. for this is the time I begin to quaff my *stingo*, & am *always* intoxicated the rest of the day, and of course am generally carried to bed in a state of insensibility. My age is about twenty six, my constitution strong, so that the lady can have no doubt of my outliving her.

My occupation was formerly that of a merchant, but being unfortunate in trade, I was under the necessity of relinquishing that way of life. At present I have no particular occupation, but have no objection to step into a *good birth* if one should offer. If the lady is fearful of my riches, I can assure her, that I have not a *single farthing*, in the world, even if it was to save me from being hanged.

It is to be hoped, that after this candid description of myself, people will not say that I am a *fortune hunter*, but look upon me quite in a different light, as I only wish to to marry the lady, to *oblige her* and not *myself*.

N.B. If my circumstances, *and so forth*, do not exactly meet the expectations of the above lady, there may probably be other ladies that will have no objections to strike a bargain, if so, they will please to apply as above.

QUIZ-HIM-BOB.

For the *Philadelphia Repository*.

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SIR,

The following first appeared in a periodical paper, published in a remote part of the United States, as early as the year 1770. *It has since, more than once, been disingenuously presented to the public as original. By giving it a place in the Repository, you will gratify your readers, and preserve from oblivion, a specimen of beautiful description, which has rarely been equalled in any language.*

—

——IF I had just this, said I, as I was reading an account in the news-paper, of an acquaintance, who had married an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 10,000*l*. —If I had just this, I should journey cheerily thro' life; not a murmur should ever escape from my lips; and I would, if possible, prevent the complaints of others. The hungry should not go away unsatisfied from my door. I would be a father to the fatherless; a protector to the defenceless; and I would—but here my utterance was stopped by my tears, and my heart overflowed with sympathy. I thought I would make all around me perfectly happy.

The wish was a prophetic one. Providence intended to put my virtue to the trial. I had scarcely finished the paragraph, when the post-boy brought me a letter, informing me that my brother Oliver had lately died in the East-Indies, and left me 10,000*l*. When I had finished the letter, I took up my handkerchief, which lay by me on the table, one might naturally conclude to wipe away a tributary, or at least a fashionable tear from my cheek. I did neither. It is difficult to give a reason for every thing that happens; I think, however, that for this I can give two substantial reasons.

My brother Oliver had begun his travels in his 16th year, while I was yet a child. Our acquaintance had hardly commenced, nor was it ever cherished and confirmed, by the participation of mutual diversions, hopes and fears. Thus he was to me as an alien, and not as a brother;—and further, he had left me as much as would have made many rejoice at the death of a brother, who had been brought up as such.

I am now, said I, a gentleman, and I will from this time live as a gentleman. So I leaned my head back in my chair, and began to plan out a scheme for my future conduct in life. After I had turned it over and over, and viewed it in every direction, without being able to please myself—I will go to bed, said I, a comfortable nap will refresh my mind, and all will go right in the morning. So I laid me down, and turned me to this side, and that side; and put myself in this position, and that position; but it would not do. I neither could get the nap I wanted, nor could I get the 10'000*l*. out of my head.

So I toiled at it all night, and about nine o'clock in the morning, had fixed my plan. This was no sooner done than I got out of bed, wrote it on a piece of paper, with my annual income in one column, and my expenditures in the other; when, to my great mortification, I found that my expences would be exactly 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. above my income. I then ran over all the other plans that had occurred to me in the course of the night; but none of them would answer; and this could not be executed for a shilling less than the estimate I had made.

Had I but this 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. said I, it would make me completely happy. So I began to revolve in my mind, with the utmost eagerness, how I should obtain it. I will conceal the whole for a year, said I, my fortune will then amount to 10,500*l*. which will easily bring matters to bear. On further reflection, this would not do. I had told the story the evening before, and it was already spread through the neighbourhood.

While I was in this dilemma, the maid came to tell me that old Peter was at the door. Now Peter was a weekly pensioner, on whom I had long been accustomed to bestow a sixpence every Saturday morning. The girl had told him of my good fortune, and he, no doubt, had reckoned something upon it. Bid him go about his business, said I, in an angry tone, but my heart smote me as I said it; all my vows to heaven, so recently made, rushed upon my memory.

I will go this moment, said I, and give the old man his sixpence at least, so I put my hand in my pocket, and walked hastily to the door. Stay, said Avarice, as I opened the door with the money in my hand, consider what you do. Here you are at this moment, short of your reckoning, 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. and yet you are going to give away your money like a fool. At this very instant, old Peter bowed to me with a most piteous countenance; his look seemed to say, This is what I did not expect. I stood in the door, agitated by contending passions—Charity bade me reach my hand and give it—Avarice contracted it. I would give it, and I would not give it. The poor old man saw my distress, and modestly walked out, shutting the door after him. He was no sooner gone, than I cursed him for departing; and was convinced that I should have given it him, if he had staid, and laid all that blame upon his precipitate retreat, which ought to have fallen on the badness of my own heart. I put up the sixpence, walked into the room again, and sat down to breakfast. Two things disturbed me so much that I could not eat. The first was, the want of the 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*.; the second was the figure of old Peter, which presented itself to my imagination, sitting shivering in his hovel, casting a melancholy look round him in quest of something to rekindle the poor remains of a fire just expiring, and exploring every corner with a despairing eye for a crust to allay his raging appetite.

Methought, when he had in this manner rummaged his whole hovel in vain, he sat down on his chair, turned up his eyes to heaven, and gave a deep sigh—the sigh was accompanied with an imprecation on me for having denied his usual boon. But perhaps this may be only an illusion, said I, and he may at this instant be begging at the corner of the street, from somebody as hard-hearted as myself. So I will go immediately and find him out, and if I do not find him, I shall find plenty of others to bestow something on, who may be in as much need. So I put 11*s*. 9*d*. into my pocket, resolved to bestow every farthing of it in charity before I returned. I had got but a little way from my own door, when I saw a poor man at a distance, stand in a supplicating posture. My niggard breast revolted against all the resolutions I had made—It is he, said I, and I must part with my money, although I have 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. a-year too little. When I approached the man and found it was not Peter, my heart rejoiced within me as I passed by.

In going through the town, I met with many objects of charity, but I carefully kept aloof from them all, lest pity should overcome avarice, and force a passage into my heart. While I shunned every other beggar, I would have persuaded myself that I wanted to find Peter, but it was only a pretence, for I got home with every farthing of my money in my pocket, with which I sat out. I had now done my duty, I thought, with regard to Peter, and if I had not given him the money at first, nor found him out after, it was not *my* own fault, so I sat down quietly to dinner, with nothing to trouble me, but how I should get the 7*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. that I wanted.

On Sunday, at church, my head was full of it. It was full of it all the week after, till Friday evening in coming home, I found

another letter on my table, informing me that my brother's effects had turned to much better account than was expected, and that instead of ten, I might expect at least 20,000*l*. I must now double the plan I had thought of before, said I, but in order to effect it, I shall want 15*l*. 7*s*. If I had just this, I should undoubtedly be happy.

There are no limits to avarice. I now spent as uneasy a night in contriving how to obtain this 15*l*. 7*s*. as I had done before on account of the half of it. I rose late in the morning, and taking hold of my waistcoat to put it on, all the money in my pocket fell on the floor. On gathering it up, and counting it, I found exactly the 11*s*. 9*d*. O Conscience! however we may for a time stifle thee, thou art a faithful minister, and never ceases to rouse us from the lethargy of vice. I listened to thy accusing voice, I felt that I had done amiss. When I had but little to spare, said I, I gave cheerfully a part of that little, and never, till I became possessed of much, did I carry a sum so long undiminished in my pocket—but I will now atone for my fault.

As I said this, I felt Benevolence rushing warm into my heart. Now Peter at this very moment hit the door with the knocker, and, as it was about the usual time of his coming, the sound of the knocker reached my heart. You, said I, looking at the 11*s*. 9*d*. in my hand;—you shall pay the forfeit of my crimes. Long have you shut out every generous sentiment from my heart, but you shall never have it in your power to do so again. So I sent the old man away rejoicing.

The Temple of Hilarity.

Dr. FRANKLIN when at Paris being in company with an Italian nobleman, the conversation turned upon religion, which the nobleman spoke lightly of—"How comes it," says the doctor, "that the Italians who are born at the very fountain of religion, should possess so little of it."—"That's easily answered," replied the nobleman, "In Italy we manufacture, it is true, a great quantity of religion, but like other manufacturers, it's all for *Exportation*."

A Sergeant of the guards, in Flanders, lately wrote to his wife in London thus; "Dear wife send me as many newspapers as you can—I want sadly to know how we go on *here*."

AN Irish Painter declares in an Irish journal, that among other portraits, he has a representation of *Death* as large as *the life*.

The 1st No. of

The Caterer,

—And peradventure the last also, as indolence, business, or indisposition, or a bad reception, may stept in "between the wish, and the accomplishment."

———To be good is to be happy,
Angels are happier than men, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow, 'tis the fiend,
The avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings; the blessed know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven in goodness!

TO represent goodness as constituting real felicity, and the reverse naturally producing misery, appears to me a proper exordium for the teacher of others. This idea has been explained and enforced by every argument, illustration, and evidence that human ingenuity could furnish. "Why then," it may be asked, even by the devout philanthropist, "do you attempt to renew a subject, which has been exhausted by the wisest, and has been displayed by the most eloquent of mankind?" To this question, frequently repeated by the vicious, the unreflecting, and the ignorant, it would seem unnecessary to reply, so obvious is the necessity of reiterating certain salutary truths, that experience has uniformly confessed it, sometimes with emotions of heartfelt regret.

Those inordinate passions which, like poisonous weeds pervade the human soul, and choke the mild and amiable propensities of our nature, are so numerous, and so infinitely diversified, that unless remedies are constantly and skilfully applied, to counteract in some degree their violence, the very worst consequence will ensue. Although few appear to listen to the voice of wisdom, yet it is consonant with truth, reason and experience, to believe, that no sincere efforts to reclaim the wayward, to soften the asperites of life, and to inculcate those duties which cement and harmonize society, can prove totaly unavailing or useless. As men are not "stocks and stones," they will not, cannot, be altogether insensible to the monitions of friendship. When the unthinking votaries of vice realize, as they must do, that "guilt indeed is the source of sorrow," moral precepts will then kindly aid the important conviction, and lead to a gradual reformation.

Indulgences equally inimical to the mind as to the body, appear to be the natural and prolific growth of large cities. Pampered wealth will there diffuse the contagion of examples most fatal to individual, and by degrees to public happiness. Philadelphia furnishes but too many examples of profligacy among the sons of affluence. Thus disrobed of her real deformity, vice steps forth with a "goodly exterior," to "deceive and to destroy." Hence incautions youth, deceived by an appearance so fascinating, listen to her syren voice, and offer up their nocturnal orisons to the infernal divinity, who gives herself the imposing name of PLEASURE. Under this delusion many sink willing victims into the fatal embrace of riot and intemperance!

As "guilt is the avenging fiend," that clouds and destroys the "sunshine of the soul," so virtue, "with healing in her wings," conducts her votaries to the haven of tranquility, peace and endless blessedness.

N.

Several answers have been received to the three questions signed "Carolus," in the last number, some worked by Algebra, and some by Double Position. The answers are subjoined without the work, as they appear not to be very difficult.

1. *The post is* 24 *feet long.*
2. *The market woman has* 120 *eggs of each sort.*
3. *The greyhound takes* 300 *leaps to catch the hare.*

"Descartes" *has tried the* NUTS, *but having forgot to extract the cube root, has far exceeded the mark—The* APPLES *remain untouched.*

Question for the Repository.

Two travellers sat down under the shade of some spreading trees, to take their dinner, A had 5 loaves, B 3; as they were just going to fall to, up comes C, and earnestly requested liberty to partake with them: The request was granted, and they all ate alike. After dinner C laid down 8 pieces of money, of which A took 5, and offered 3 to B, which he refused, and insisted on receiving the $\frac{1}{2}$. Query. How many pieces ought he to receive, and how many belong to A?

X—Y.

A Correspondent wishes to know what the "*R.*" stands for, in the signature "*R. Pericles*," as he never knew before that the great Pericles claimed more than one name.

PHILADELPHIA,
March 28.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Stage, No. 2.*" is received, and shall appear as soon as possible.

"*Commentator, No. 4.*" shall appear the week after next.

The editor thanks "*T. W. de la Tienda*" for his remarks, and will attend to them; but at the same time must observe, that he is sometimes under the necessity, for want of room, of in some measure sacrificing utility to convenience. He need not, however, be afraid of overstocking him—times of dearth may come, when abundant stores will be useful.

The Editor is as much a foe to literary impositions as "*Expositor*" possibly can be, and will thank him or any other gentleman, for detecting any such in the Repository; but in the case of riddles, and things of that nature, he considers the signature as affixed only for distinction's sake, as few can be proposed but what have appeared before in some shape or other. He however again calls on his correspondents to be particular in designating such articles as are original.

"*Plan of Female Education, No. 4.*" *Julius,*" and (if room will permit) "*The Progress of a Modern Young Gentlemen,*" shall appear next week—and other communica- in due time.

LATE FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-YORK, March 24.

The arrival of the Ship Liberty, Capt. Woodham, in 39 days from Liverpool, has put us in possession of London Intelligence to the 9th of February, inclusive.

The most important articles are those which relate to the sudden change in the British Ministry, and the departure of the Brest fleet. The former is said to be occasioned by the difference of opinion which prevailed in the cabinet, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, to which Messrs. Pitt, Windham, and Dundas, and the two lords, Grenville and Spencer, were adverse, but finding they could not carry their point, resigned. Mr Addington, Speaker of the House of Commons, it is said, will succeed Mr. Pitt as first lord of the Treasury. The destination of the Brest fleet is generally supposed to be for Ireland; as a regular correspondence is maintained between the French Government, and a delegation at Paris from the Society of United Irishmen.

The Northern Confederacy was ratified on the 16th Jan. by three of the parties, Russia, Sweden and Denmark, and on the succeeding day by Prussia; in consequence of which, active military measures are concerting on one side to give efficacy to the compact, and on the other to prevent its being carried into execution.

Negociations for peace continue at Luneville between the Deputies of France and those of the Empire; which, it is believed, will terminate favourably for the interests of humanity.

In Italy, Brune and Bellegarde have concluded an armistice, by which the Austrians surrender Peschiera, Ferrara Ancona, Verona, Legnagno, Sermiona, and Mantua, to the French; to continue in force until the expiration of the German armistice, which was limited to the 25th January; and notice to be given two weeks previous to the renewal of hostilities.

A French army is assembled at Bourdeaux, having for its object an attack on Portugal; and permission is said to have been granted by the Court of Mardrid for the marching of this army through the Spanish territory.

—

Lavater, the Physiognomist, died on the 2d of Jan. of the wounds he received from the French soldiers many months since.

—

The good old lady, known by the name of the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, who resigned all sublunary cares on Wednesday night last, was quietly buried in the family vault of ETERNITY. Her offsprings, all of whom were cut off at the same time, consisted of 100 sons, who were known by the name of years; 36,520 grand-sons and grand-daughters, called days and nights; 876,600 great grand-children married into the family of the Hours; 52,596,000 great great grand-children, named minutes; & 3,155,760,000 great great great grand-children, of the pigmy race of the Seconds. *Lond. paper.*

J. DAWSON, Esq. appointed to be the bearer of the Convention to France, and a number of passengers, took shipping on Sunday last, on board the sloop of war Maryland, captain Rogers.

—

The House of Representatives of New-York have ordered a bill (64 to 26) to abolish for ever imprisonment for debts contracted after the first Monday in September next.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

PORTSMOUTH, March 7.—On Tuesday last, Mr. T. Pickering and Mr. N. Pickering, the former aged 22, and the latter 19, both sons of Lt. Nicholas Pickering, of Newington, went off in the river, in a float, a fowling; each of them were in the act of firing at a flock of birds, the youngest brother's gun went off, and the other's flashed in the pan; but on bringing his gun down from a poise, it discharged its contents through the head of Nicholas, which put an instant period to his existence.

Marriages.

MARRIED—At Friend's meeting house, Pine-street, Mr Halliday Jackson, of Chester County, to Miss Jane Hough of this City.

———At Wilmington, Delaware, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Reed, Mr. William Talbert, of Camden, to Miss Mary Robinson, of Wilmington.

—

Deaths.

DIED—At Albany, Mrs. Van Rensselear, consort of the Hon. Lieut. Governor of the state of New-York.

———At his farm, Salem County, New-Jersey, in the 92d year of his age, Mr. Jacob Fries, for many years a respectable inhabitant of that place.

———On Thursday last, at Baltimore, Citoyen Pierre Henry Louis, Agent of the French Republic in that city.

———Zebulon Potts, esq. member of the Senate of this State, from the County of Montgomery.

PROPOSALS,

By JOHN BIOREN, *No. 88, Chesnut-street,* and DAVID HOGAN, *No. 51, South Third-street,* for publishing by subscription,

The Girl of the Mountains,

BY MRS. PARSONS,

AUTHOR OF WOMEN AS THEY ARE, &c.

☞ *The same novel of which extracts are now publishing in the Philadelphia Repository.*

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This work will be printed on a fine paper, and new type.

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TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SYMPATHY. Addressed to———

IN thy dear face, where smiles should be,
I there afflictive sorrow see:
With equal grief, thy grief I'd share,
Heave sigh for sigh;—shed tear for tear.
" Who consolation would bestow,
" The cause of grief themselves should know;
" Sabrina's is to thee well known,
" And yet, what consolation's shewn?"
Oh! could I but remove thy woes,
And hush thy bosom to repose;
Thou hast not one distress, nor care,
But what thy friend would wish to share.
But, he who hears the Orphan's cry,
And wipes affliction's sorrowing eye,
Will deign, dear friend, thy friend to be,
And send thee consolation free.
Then trust in His protecting care,
The Sparrows of His goodness share;
He'll listen to the Orphan's cry;
He'll—" wipe the tear from sorrow's eye."
L.

ON LADY ISABELLA PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

By Edmund Waller, Esq.

Such moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that, with so little pains,
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirit reigns? (crowd,
The trembling strings about her finger's
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble so; [ble too?
Touch'd by that hand, who would not trem-
Here love takes stand, and, while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening dear.
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize:
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes.
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, & as it burnt he play'd.

EPIGRAM.

Says Johnny to Paddy, " I can't for my life,
Conceive how a dumb pair are made man and wife. (son accord,"
Since they can't with the form and the par-
Says Paddy " you fool, they take each other's word."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

PARODY

ON MR. POPE'S ODE TO SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the boy, whose wish and care,
A little bread and butter serves;
Content at meals to drink small beer,
And eat preserves.

Whose tops whose marbles give him pleasure,
Whose balls afford him great delight;
Whose pennies shine, a mighty treasure,
To charm his sight.

Blest who can every morning find,
Some idle lads with whom to play;
When in the fields he hath a mind,
From school to stay.

Nor ferule fears, nor birch most dire;
But plays all day, and sleeps all night;
Some other boy for cash will hire,
His task to write.

Thus let me live, thus life enjoy,
Until to manhood I arrive,
And thus, like me, sure ev'ry boy,
To live will strive.

J. M. P.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Original Translation of

ODE 22 OF HORACE,

TO CHLOE.

YOU shun me Chloe, like a fawn that seeks,
Its fearful mother, in the pathless steeps,
Not without vain fear, of the brisk flowing gales,
And trees, whose boughs, its head and back assails.

She trembling shakes, both in her heart and knees,
Whether the arriving spring produced a breeze,
Which, terrible to her, hath shook the rustling bush;
Or, the sea-green lizards stirr'd among the brush.

But like a savage tigress, I do not pursue,
Or Gœtulian lion, in your blood t'imbrue
My hands. Therefore, your dear mother leave,
And (for you're now mature,) unto a husband cleave. C. R.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Answer to Barrow's Riddle.

BARROW thy riddle's no more nor yet less
Than a Candle of fine Spermaceti, I guess:
But as spermaceti proceeds from a whale,
The story of Jonah seems cross'd by thy tale;
Though in all a whale's rangings a man may not be,
Yet Jonah, when swallow'd, must be in the sea;
And many a sailor has met with the lot,
To be put into pickle in old Davy's pot.
On small inconsistencies not to be dwelling,
A tale of a candle it seems by the telling;
The ladies it pleases, it looks like a beau,
Like a Bridegroom in white, goes to bed with dear Chlo';
At balls and assemblys, as candles are flaming (naming.
It seems quite absurd to be other things
T. W. de la TIENDA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Answer to the " Question for Bachelors."

WHEN your question for bachelors curious I read,
Miss Kitty, and fortune so ran in my head,
That to it I fell, as keen as a glutton,
Half starv'd, sits down to a shoulder of mutton.
In figures 'tis true I have grown something rusty,
Miss too might be old, and the question seem'd crusty;
Yet the hope of a fortune so tickl'd my heart, [art.
That again I review'd all the terms of the
But paint my surprize, when with puzzling I found,
That Kitty's whole fortune was just fourteen pound
And twenty-four pence!!! In a moment of ire,
Both paper and pen in the midst of the fire
With violence I threw—What! who would take that!
I bawl'd out aloud; then cocked my hat,
My arms plac'd a kimbo— no, no, it won't do,
I said to myself—but hark; one word with you,
If Kitty be pretty, good natur'd and wise,
In the morning of youth, with a pair of black eyes,
Perhaps—but 'tis needless to say what might follow,
For, a word in your ear, I'm a hearty old fellow. X—Y.

N. B. Legacy = 141*l.* — 94 = 47 left
$\frac{1}{10}$ of 47 = 23 10*s.* laid by
$\frac{1}{5}$ of 47 = 9 8 W. & D.
$\frac{1}{10}$ of 141 = 14 2 D.'s portion

Proof 141*l.*